

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME IV.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

NUMBER 4.

Correspondance Scientifique.

CAMP IN COON CREEK VALLEY, }
OCTOBER 4, 1870. }

Dear Sir: There is, no doubt, a great deal of poetry in "Autumn leaves," but when it comes to making signals for a quarter of an hour to a bunch of red maple, under the impression that it is your front flag, without eliciting the faintest response on the part of the maple, the poetry disappears in stern reality. This is not the only experience I have gained in my career as engineer on the Zanesville and Arizona Railroad, (which is in course of construction, contrary to alphabetical order, from Z to A). I have learned to appreciate persimmons. Is it not Milton that says:

"Lo! the persimmons! How the Indian sun—
The Indian summer sun, and frosty night
Have tempered down its strict ungrateful pulp
To honeyed sweetness!"

More modern poets also seem to have opened their gustatory functions to its charms. Thus Tommy Moore, in one of his anacreontics, sings:

"Let other folks care for the apple and pear,—
Let the cherry and peach popularity share;—
With stomachs plebeian such trash may agree
But the rosy persimmon 's the fruit, love, for me—
The rosy persimmon that falls from the tree—
Then, pass around the wine, &c."

Dr. Watts also, the excellent author of "Hymns for Infant Minds," draws an instructive moral from the persimmon:

"How doth the sour persimmon tree
Improve each frosty hour
And gather honey all the day!
From every passing shower."

Nor has the immortal Shakspeare neglected all mention of this fruit:

"My young heart, !
Like the persimmon, in the summer season,
Was harsh and 'stringent. But maturer years,
Like golden autumn ripening the fruit,
Have made me gentle."

The peculiar qualities of the persimmon did not escape the notice of those attentive observers of nature, the classic authors. How beautiful is the description given by Statius of his hero going about seeking for bitter herbs and fruits as a counter-irritant to assuage the bitterness of his feelings, and thus apostrophizing them:

"Salve, O persimmon, atque omnis fructis acerbe!" Let the classical student observe that in the word *persimmon* (Gen. *persimmonos*) the "o" is short by nature, it being a Greek neuter,* by the rule *Græcum omicron*, &c., but it is here lengthened by *casura* and the *arsis* of the foot.

The worst of the persimmon is that when you get one that is not quite ripe it draws you all up before you are aware of it. After a long course of feeding on them you find that every attempt at articulation resolves itself into a whistle, and to

* For the derivation of the word "persimmon" and its connection with the vice of parsimony, see Scalay on Fruit trees, Snipe on Toast, and other authorities.

partake of any nourishment, except what may be obtained by sucking cider through a straw, becomes a simple impossibility. This is the more deplorable as our Missouri bill of fare is copious and delicious. There is a hotel in Hardup where the boarders have had chicken three times a day for months. I need not add that they are a "gallus" set, and sometimes evince a disposition to get up early in the morning and ascend to the housetop, there to herald the approach of dawn by clapping their wings and crowing. Other hotels are equally luxurious. At a certain house not a thousand miles away, before they printed their bill of fare, the waitresses used to come around with a volubility not to be expressed, enunciating a long string, commencing: "roast beef, roast pork, roast mutton," and ending "ham, lamb, jam, and clam chowder." Once being unable to follow "the text," I remembered the celebrated brilliant precedent of an old friend, and faintly answered "yes!" Her bright smile haunts me still.

The State of Misery is very ancient—in fact, as old as Paradise Lost. It was what Noah looked out of the Ark an' saw. Mrs. Hippy is well acquainted with it. Missour'ans have been distinguished (in the same facetious spirit that confers the title of Buckeye on the native of Ohio, Hoosier on the Indianian, &c.) by a cognomen which aptly, though forcibly, expresses the delicacy of stomach usual amongst persons of culture and refinement. It is the exact correlative of the term "Suckers" applied to those on the opposite side of the great Mississippi, and if we may credit tradition, it was the water of that river that gave rise (gave rise is certainly extremely applicable on one side) to both nicknames. The celebrated firm of Castor and Pollux—horse-jockeys, gods, constellations, &c.—were the first Missourians on record. If anyone doubts the truth of this statement let him open the Iliad and read the 237th line of the 3d Book, which, as near as Roman characters can express the Greek, we think he will find runs as follows:

"Kastora th' hippodamon, kai pukas agathon Polydeukea."

Let me conclude with a few practical hints to the young engineer. They are derived from my own experience:

1st. If you are running the level, first see that your head is level, and then go ahead.

2d. If your rodsman is active and intelligent he will soon acquire facility in balancing the rod on the tip of his nose, which will enable you to go through deep hollows more easily.

3d. If you are running the transit, and a train of emigrant wagons passes slowly between you and the front flag, intercepting your line, you had better wait till they all get past.

4th. If you should be attacked by a tribe of hostile Indians, perhaps you had better jerk off the plumb bob, and throw it at them.

5th. If this should fail, attack them with the legs of the tripod.

6th. If, after all, they should succeed in scalping you, use "Spalding Prepared Glue."

7th. Be firm under all circumstances, even when riding home in the wagon.

8th. If anybody should object to your running

through his farm, tell him that you excuse his impertinence this time, but on a repetition of it he will be consigned to the penitentiary. Then show him your profile paper and tell him it is an Act of the Legislature.

9th. Never turn aside from your line for any obstacle, less than a peach-tree or a mad bull.

10th. Be virtuous and you will be happy.

Yours, S.

The Middle Ages.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST.
EDWARD'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION,
MARCH 15, 1869.

BY M. B. B.

Mutability is a universal law of created nature. Day alternates with night in the ceaseless revolutions of the planets; the different seasons follow one another in an endless cycle of progression, casting upon the earth their almost endless variety of gladness and sorrow, pleasure and pain, prosperity and adversity, which follow one another in rapid succession, as the shadows of the fitting clouds that chase each other, as if in sport, across the grassy meadow; thus obeying the inevitable law of change. Nor is man exempt from the action of this law. Infancy is succeeded by childhood; childhood gives place to youth; youth to manhood; manhood to old age, which completes its course in the silence of the tomb. And, throughout these different periods of life, what diversity! To-day health and happiness cast their cheering light upon the exulting spirit till earth appears a very paradise of delights; to-morrow disease or adversity shrouds the soul in gloom. To-day, joy and hope smile brightly upon our path; to-morrow grief and discouragement lay their icy hand upon our heart and bid the wounded soul shrink within herself, to feed upon her own disappointments and sorrows. But why dwell upon the familiar reality? Change is written upon the beautiful brow of nature, and we need but open our eyes to be convinced that nothing is permanent here below—that the words of the poet,

"In bower and garden rich and rare
There's many a cherished flower,
Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flits
Within the fitting hour,"

are true of all things earthly as well as of the garden bloom.

As it is with nature and with individual men, so it is with society of which men are the component parts. From the day on which Adam exchanged the delights of Paradise and the singular gift of immortality for a momentary gratification, the law of mutability has wrought its legitimate effect upon human society. Cities, kingdoms and empires rise, flourish, decay and fall, as the flower that shoots from the earth, in Spring, vigorous and beautiful, blossoms for a season, then withers and dies. Prosperity and progress, at times, shed a bright and cheering light upon the world, and

them to repay the earnest toil of the laborers in the field of social advancement; but soon the wandering cloud of change passes over the scene and obscures the lustre of the past. Peace now smiles upon the land, and industry wreathes a garland of beauty around the fair brow of nature; then war and bloodshed sweep, simoon-like, over the lovely creations of taste and labor, spreading death and destruction in their path, and threatening to blot out every vestige of human genius and social prosperity. At one time civilization and enlightenment raise their majestic standard in this or that region of the earth, which thence seems destined to become the light-house, so to speak, of the world. Literature, that mirror of the social status of every age, modified by the comparatively high moral tone of the time, becomes more refined and vigorous, giving a new impulse to the onward march of the age or nation which gave it birth, and lending its influence to the work of civilizing less favored regions. But time wears on and the blighting atmosphere of ignorance and barbarism, coming from the social deserts around, breathes upon this lovely shrine of genius and enlightenment; the minor rays of its radiating light are extinguished, while intellect and industry, the source of its superiority and glory, now stripped of their ornaments and sorely wounded, like the traveller from Jerusalem to Jericho, are left by the ravaging despoiler more dead than alive, till some kind-hearted Samaritan come to their assistance, administering those precious restoratives, which not only revive the fainting spirit, but impart new vigor and strength to renew their efforts in the cause of suffering humanity.

Such was the shock, or rather uninterrupted series of shocks, which produced that mighty swoon of intellect and civilization which threw society, for a period of nearly ten centuries, into the agony of a moral death, and threatened to overwhelm the whole race of man in the turbulent sea of ignorance and barbarism. That period of social convulsion is known as the Middle Ages, extending from the downfall of the Roman Empire in the West, in 476, to that of the Eastern Empire in 1453, a period of 977 years. Some historians assign different limits to the Middle Ages, but that which I have adopted appears most natural, as it begins with the overthrow of that power which was the bulwark of ancient civilization, and ends at that period when the struggling intellect of Europe had succeeded in tracing the outlines and giving definite form to modern civilization.

When we consider, in a spirit of candor, the position which the Middle Ages occupy in the history of mankind; the mighty revolutions that were effected during that period, in religion, politics, general morality and the social relations of man, we stand amazed at the gigantic struggle between light and darkness, spirit and matter, Christian morality and barbarian dissoluteness, and wonder, not that taste and refinement were for a time obscured, and genius partially paralyzed, but that the torch of civilization was not totally extinguished and man forever and hopelessly submerged in the agitated waters of barbarism! Truly might we exclaim, as we gaze upon the grand spectacle: "The finger of God is here," guiding the barque of humanity through the fierce tempests that assail it, till, satisfied with the trials and sufferings so bravely encountered and endured, that same almighty voice which stilled the rage of the sea of Galilee, bids the social storm be still, and weary man finds himself safely moored in the harbor of triumphant justice and morality.

But so fashionable has it become, in these latter days of boasted enlightenment, for partisan writers and scantily informed historians, to heap invective upon those ages of transition between a material and moral civilization; so accustomed have our ears become to such opprobrious epithets as, "monkish superstition," "intellectual darkness,"

"popish tyranny," "ignorant priesthood," and the like, that we feel ourselves, at times, almost carried away by the popular current, and find ourselves gradually and imperceptibly admitting into our mind a species of contempt for those ages, and especially for that saving influence, to which we are chiefly indebted for our present high degree of intellectual development and social superiority. Yet the truth-loving and thoughtful mind cannot long remain the dupe of prejudice or of ambitious indolence, and, looking dispassionately into the records of the past will inquire into the real state of the times, investigate the causes which led to the agitation, confusion and general dissoluteness which no one can deny to have existed during that period; look with a clear and undistorted eye upon the powerful barriers that opposed the tide of desolation and prevented the total destruction of civil society. Then, while deploring the unavoidable evils of the age, it will freely accord due credit to that heaven-appointed agency which proved itself equal to the task assigned it, and, saving man from moral and social death, established an undeniable claim to the gratitude and admiration of all succeeding generations. Let us pursue this method of enquiry, and satisfy our own minds in respect to the great questions connected with the period which we are considering; first taking a rapid glance at the predisposing causes of the confusion of society which followed the downfall of the Western Empire.

At the birth of our divine Redeemer, Rome was mistress of the entire known world! Her conquering eagle had flapped the breezes of every clime, and gathered in his mighty talons the various tribes and nations of the earth. For a time the conquered nations, awed by the giant strength of their conquerors, cringed beneath their all-mastering power, though still impatient of the galling yoke of subjection which had been imposed upon them. Had the mild, yet powerful and elevating principles of Christianity at that time formed the basis of Roman dominion and legislation, restraining the pride and severity of the victor, and reconciling the subject peoples to their condition from higher motives than those of expediency and necessity, Rome might never have fallen; and the material civilization and refinement of ancient Rome, joining hands with the sublime morality of the Christian religion, the march of enlightenment would have continued without interruption, and society attained a much higher degree of progress than it now enjoys. But such was not the case. The Christian Church was driven, like the hunted fox, to the catacombs and the mountain caves, where it lay concealed for three centuries, as its divine Founder had, for three days, rested in the darkness of the tomb. Yet in her obscure hiding place, the Church was girding herself for the approaching struggle, and accumulating strength by attracting to her sublime standard the least degenerated minds of the age, and imbuing them with those lofty principles which, as we shall see throughout this lecture, were destined to save society from ruin.

Meantime, the seeds of degeneracy and dissolution planted in the garden of ancient civilization by the hand of paganism began to develop and bring forth their legitimate fruit. The general corruption of pagan society, kept in check for a time by the excitement of war and conquest, now manifested itself in all its countless, hideous forms. The undisguised venality of the senators and nobles; the impetuous recklessness and insubordination of the populace; the shameful excesses and arbitrary cruelty that disgraced even the imperial purple, being unrestrained by any moral principle—nay sanctioned and supported by the examples of the gods they worshipped, soon threw society into a species of moral and social anarchy, which finally reached such a degree of disregard for all law and order that to be raised to

the throne of the world was equivalent to a death-warrant.

The spirit of faction, a necessary consequence of feebleness in the government, and dissoluteness in the people, gave rise to civil discord, which in a short time resulted in arraying the different parts of the empire against each other. The previously conquered barbarians were then summoned from their forest haunts as auxiliaries, and this giving them an opportunity to learn the weakness of their former masters, their native spirit of freedom revived and with it their warlike ferocity now heightened and intensified into hatred by previous subjection.

Then followed that seemingly inexhaustible inundation of barbarians, which poured in from all sides into the weedy garden of ancient civilization. Goths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, Huns, Lombards and Saracens succeeded each other in quick succession, as the rolling billows of the agitated deep, blotting out every vestige of progress that came in their destructive path; paralysing energy, stifling genius and industry; destroying the fruits of art and intellect, and, worst of all, engrafting on the mouldering stem of social demoralization, the untamed ferocity of their savage nature; thus adding a contempt for culture and refinement, to the moral degeneracy of the times. It needs no extraordinary power of perception to see the natural consequences of this fusing, or rather confusing, of discordant elements, and the terrible dangers that threatened society with utter destruction.

What was it, then, we may ask, that saved civilization from being swept from the face of the earth in that dreadful hour? It was the Christian Church. Called from her hiding place by the cross that painted itself in glory upon the azure canopy of heaven as a sign of victory, not only to Constantine, but to religion, she opposed herself as a barrier against the threatened evils of the time, and saved mankind from social death, by subjecting the fierce conquerors of Rome to the sublime law of the Gospel. That she failed in many instances to attain the full measure of good at which she aimed cannot be denied, nor do we feel disposed to deny it. But we should not forget that the efficiency of an agent, which can attain its object only by a long continued series of efforts, cannot be fairly judged by the results of any one effort or any particular number of efforts, but by the final results of all combined.

It is in this light that we should view the operations of the Church during the Middle Ages. She had a herculean task to perform, and though sometimes partially or wholly failing in her efforts, she never faltered, but kept steadily on, and gradually, yet surely, developed the seeds of Christian civilization, which she first planted in the thorny soil of barbarism, till they produced the glorious fruit of modern enlightenment.

But we will best understand the influence of the Church upon the society of the Middle Ages and of modern times, by a more particular inquiry into the true character and condition of that period. We shall also see, from this inquiry, in what sense and to what extent that much abused period deserves the title *dark*, so often applied to it in contempt by those who know very little of its true history.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Starry Heavens.

ESSAY, READ BY EMMA KIRWAN, (CHICAGO, ILL.,)
MEMBER OF GRADUATING CLASS, '70,
ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

The contemplation of the starry heavens has, in all ages, afforded mankind the purest, sublimest delights. Earth's pleasures may satiate, its hours may weary us, but the study of the starry heavens so elevates the mind, that forgetful of self, we are lost in wonder and admiration, and the soul spontaneously adores Him, whose wisdom, power and

glory, we see so magnificently displayed in the starry heavens.

Inexhaustible, indeed, are the beauties and grandeur of the heavenly bodies. Full of mystery, too, are they. For though deep-thinking minds, ever active, ever grasping after knowledge, have endeavored to explore those wondrous worlds, and though the science of these learned men, seems to the unlearned, vast and admirable, yet the most famous astronomers humbly and truthfully declare they have as yet but imperfectly defined, even the boundaries of those distant orbs. So much remains unknown, incomprehensible.

What must have been the admiration of Adam and Eve when, in the solemn stillness of Eden's first night, all animate nature lulled to repose by the soft music of the rippling waves, as they broke on the shore of terrestrial paradise, they first beheld the crescent moon, slowly rising above the eastern horizon! What, their delight to see the innumerable hosts of glittering stars all grouped in constellations, studding the blue arch of boundless space!

With what ecstatic admiration must our "great ancestors" have first beheld the starry heavens. They loved to behold the silvery moon whose beams relieved the gloom of night, the beautiful stars glowing like jewels in the azure vault above, the planets moving like guardians in and out among the stars, the comets whirling in rapid flight to unknown regions. They saw and admired, and adoring, thanked God, who not only clothed the day with sunlit splendors, but also gave to sable night a brilliant robe of glory.

If the first view of the starry heavens filled Adam and Eve with awe and astonishment, we their descendants though familiar with this grand phenomena, are none the less impressed by the glorious view of the celestial dome, for to us it suggests subjects of holiest meditation. It recalls to mind the orient star, that announced to the Gentile Kings, the coming of the Son of Justice.

Bright star of the east! with what joy did those wise astronomers hail your first gleaming, committing themselves with childlike simplicity to your mysterious guidance, till they adoring knelt at the feet of the Infant Jesus the true light of the world.

To the mariner the contemplation of the stars brings confidence and hope. By them he is directed in his course. In the midst of the ocean's storms, the compass that unerringly directs the pilot may be lost, but he may safely turn to the polar star for guidance, thus bringing to the shipwrecked sailor a ray of hope, reminding him of her, who is so sweetly named "Star of the Sea."

To the benighted traveller lost in some desert wild, the starry arch seems like a glimpse of Heaven.

Ask the little child, who with radiant countenance gazes on the twinkling stars; what are they? He replies, "they are nails in the floor of heaven," or else they are "angels' eyes." Question Copernicus, Galileo, La Place, Newton, and the many others, who have entirely devoted themselves to the contemplation of the starry heavens. They will tell us of the magnificent discoveries they have made in this world of wonders; that our humble earth belongs to this grand planetary system, and like yon far distant orbs, is winging its rapid flight in eddying circles through space to some far unknown center. They will divide the stars into groups, investing each constellation with peculiar interest by giving it a name and history of its own.

They will speak of distance and numbers that seem to border on the infinite. We listen with delight and admiration, but at each revelation new questions arise, and the wisest astronomer, finds in the starry heavens, deep mysteries which he is as unable to explain as the child who thinks the beautiful stars are angels' eyes.

How humbling, yet how inspiring, is the con-

templation of the Starry Heavens? While it shows us our own littleness it elevates our soul. Who will deny after visiting these grand mysterious orbs, that the purest, sublimest pleasure man on earth can enjoy is the contemplation of the starry heavens? Shall we not often drink of pleasure so elevating? But let us not forget the Creator, while admiring the works of His hands, rather let our admiration excite us to long for the beatific vision of Him, at whose fiat they sprang into existence, for

"Wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall,
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all."

Deceit and its Victims.

READ BEFORE ST. EDWARD'S ASSOCIATION,
OCTOBER 26.

BY JOHN E. SHANNAHAN.

If there is one vice that can be singled out as more contemptible than another; if there is any means by which the height of enormity, or the depth of meanness can be ascertained, we think deceit will be found festering in the lowest stratum of iniquity. The drunkard will disgust us; there is nothing in his person or speech for which we can form an attachment, and he is generally the victim of his own unappeased appetite. The manners of the profligate may please for a while, but when the garb of a prepossessing appearance and pleasing address, under which the corruption lies concealed, is worn off, a good heart and a sound head will soon recoil from his presence.

On almost all occasions we can guard ourselves against the depredations of a robber; but let a deceitful person have an object to gain, and it is next to impossible to defend ourselves against his arts,—he appears under so many forms. At one time he presents himself clothed in the sacred garb of friendship. By his arts he makes professions which to him are but mere words; but they are words to which we attach a world of meaning. He works himself into our inmost feelings. Poor fools! we imagine we have a friend, but perhaps at the next moment we are cruelly, basely deceived.

At another time he makes his appearance as a gay, rollicking fellow,—one who is bent on having a "good time," and expresses his determination to take the world easy. He will tell us that "you are foolish to be plodding away like a mule!" and with a slap on the back to stir up our stagnant blood, he proposes a pleasure excursion. He calls us a fine but rather conscientious fellow. We bite at the golden bait; and if we are not ruined, we are disgusted at our own want of firmness, and the day's pleasure leaves a sting that will be felt as long as memory can look back on the past.

But sometimes we find deceit wearing the livery of heaven, to serve the devil and her own base purpose. With sanctity in her face and malice in her heart, she glides along at a snail pace, she is amazed at the slightest frivolous remark, she frowns at everything that does not pertain to the serious, she never permits her face to be lit up with a smile, and a leer is as close as she ever approaches to a genuine laugh. She is always reproving, and is ready with a homily or particular passage for the occasion, she is never at ease, unless she is prying into the affairs of others, of course all out of charity.

You cannot cut the deceitful man, he is too thick skinned, and he is a total stranger to a blunt insult. He is always willing to overlook a slight, and we commence to think he is acting through conscientious motives or mistaken ideas of piety and, perhaps, we feel a few pangs of regret for our passed conduct towards him. But our feelings

have no sooner commenced to undergo a change in his favor than some circumstance presents itself, or it may be his time has come, he stands before us an unmasked hypocrite.

It is not within the province of this paper to follow all the serpentine windings of deceit. From the time it allured Eve from the path of obedience, in Eden, to the present day it has been continually at work. Its charms are as various as the dispositions of the persons on whom it operates.

To the thoughtless, it presents pleasures in golden colors; to the poor, it presents wealth; to the rich, it paints opulence; to the ambitious, it holds up the phantom of power; to the learned, it holds up attractions for the investigation of subjects that are not intended to be solved by man.

Jealousy and envy are the principal causes of deceit. When the jealous man cannot attain the position he desires, he will use all his energies to prevent others from attaining it. If he is not sufficiently fleet-footed to win the race, he desires to cripple his adversaries. If his own reputation has been injured, he tries to injure the reputation of others. He wishes to see no one above him, therefore he endeavors to bring every one down to his own level, and to attain this object no means are so base, so contemptible that he will not use them. Holy religion, sacred friendship, pure love, charity, liberality, benevolence, all the virtues of Christianity, all the little endearments of civilized life, he assumes and puts into full play that he may succeed.

And the victim—what of him? The scornful curl of the lip and the withering glance of contempt is all the sympathy he can hope to elicit. We learn by daily observation that the moment the victim falls under the influence of the deceitful tempter, as the poor bird, charmed by the venomous reptile, falls at last into the mouth ready to receive it, he is condemned by all, but doubly condemned by those whose lives have been but one continuation of crime, and who thus throw up their hands and cry out to divert the attention of others from their own villainies.

Let him who has once been seduced by the oily tongue of the deceiver seek to regain his former standing; let him, when the sight of his error bursts upon him, endeavor to recover the situation he has lost, and how many hands are held out to assist him? How many voices are heard cheering him on his way? Who will listen to his vows of penitence? Who will hearken to his prayers for forgiveness and his promises of a better life. Not one. The voice of society exclaims he has sinned, he has fallen, he is without wealth or influence. Let us make an example of him. We cannot tarry to pick him up, we will take our time to crush him down. He is not worthy of our kind offices, therefore let him die though it be of a broken heart.

Thus speak the patterns of virtue; thus speak those who consider themselves the embodiment of morality, the preachers of charity, the denouncers of scandalizers, to whom the voice of the fallen, suppliant victim of deceit is addressed. But the answer comes, if not in words, at least in actions. Cast him out. Crush him down. Let us help him unto hell, and thank God that we are not as he is.

Christian Charity, spirit of forgiveness! how we are daily taught to what an extent thou hast taken up thy abode in our midst in this enlightened age. How much reason we have to rejoice that the fog of the Dark Ages has evaporated and that we live midst the brilliant virtues of the nineteenth century!

Do not think the gay laugh you hear is a sign of a light heart. If we only knew one half the misery hid beneath it, we would think and act differently. When the victim of deceit is clinging to hope, and striving to reach the level of virtue. Be not of the number, who continue to assail him, until, at last, discouraged, disheartened, forsaken, despised, and God knows how miserable, he sinks beneath the tide of public opinion and is lost in the whirlpool of despair.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

PUBLISHED AT

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editor SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

TERMS:

One year..... \$1 00
Copies of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

Terms of Subscription.

On taking charge of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, for the present year, we intended to publish it weekly, and placed the price of subscription at two dollars. It has, however, been decided, by the proper authority, to have the paper issued only twice a month, or, rather, once a fortnight. The subscription to the paper is consequently reduced to one dollar. Those who have already paid in their subscription (\$2) for the year, will receive two copies of the paper instead of one, or, on receiving orders from them, we will send the second copy to any address they may designate.

Moliere.

As the Philomatheans intend bringing before the college public one of the plays of Moliere, a short sketch of the great comedian may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

Moliere lived in a time that produced great men in every profession: great writers, great orators—at the bar and in the pulpit—great legists, great generals, great saints and great sinners, all patronized and encouraged by a great king, Louis XIV. Of humble parentage he was apprenticed to a trade, but proving an indifferent apprentice he gave as little satisfaction to his master as he derived from his trade, and he put a stop to that sort of thing by joining a strolling theatrical troupe. He at that time changed his family name, Poquelin, to Moliere, which he ever after retained, and which comes down to us with the fame he acquired. The plays on the stage, before Moliere began to write his comedies, consisted merely of the skeleton of the plot, which the actors filled up according to their ability. Moliere soon perceived the meagreness of such representations, and set about providing better plays, writing them out in full. He then formed a troupe of his own, and continued to be the star actor in the plays which he wrote.

It is needless to give a catalogue of his plays, and we have neither space nor leisure to give an appreciative account of their merit. We quote the words of some French writers to show in what estimation Moliere is held by his countrymen. It is true that each nation asserts the excellence of its own champion writer. The Greeks claimed the supremacy for Homer "the first in birth, the first in fame." Propertius claimed the same for Virgil, and Dr. Samuel Barrow, in his verses prefixed to "Paradise Lost," comparing them to Milton, reduces them to mere songsters of frogs and gnats, and in like manner Lope de Vega, Calderon, Camoens, Goethe and Schiller are the objects of the admiration of their respective countrymen. However, though we may not agree with the French writers, we may at least bring forward what they say of one who, whatever his other merits may be, now gives the Juniors a great deal of pleasure and amusement nearly two hundred years after his death.

M. Suard, in his biography of Congreve, says of Moliere, that he was perhaps the only genius that had no model in antiquity to follow, and no equal in his style of writing in the modern times. "Moliere

etait peut-être le seul homme de genie, que n'ait eu ni modèle parmi les anciens ni concurrent parmi les modernes." M. Auger, one of the editors of Moliere's works, says in language no less exaggerated, that no age nor place can produce a conqueror or successful rival of Moliere: "Moliere ne rencontre en aucun temps, en aucun lieu, ni émule ni vainqueur. La Grèce et Rome n'ont rien qui puisse lui être comparé: les peuples nouveaux n'ont rien qu'ils lui puissent opposer: eux-mêmes le reconnaissent sans peine."

Everything pertaining to him is highly prized by his admirers. A book not worth over a franc increased greatly in value because Moliere happened to write his name on it. He had written "à ci est à moi, Moliere," and the book was sold at the rate of four Napoleons (what name is the coin to go by now?) for each letter, and as they are eighteen in number the sum realized was 1,440 francs or nearly \$300.

Moliere died the 17th Feb., 1773, of an apoplectic fit, after acting the part of Argan in his own play of the "Malade Imaginaire," in which he outrageously ridiculed the medical profession. The circumstances of his death suggested the epithet which his friend Bechat wrote, but which of course was not put on his tomb:

Roscius hic situs est, parva Moliérus in urna,
Cui genus humanum ludere lusus erat;
Dum ludit mortem, mors indignata jocantem
Corripit, et nimium fingere sacra vetat.

Moliere never became a member of the Academy, the great object of ambition of every literary Frenchman of that age, as well as of the present. A regulation of the Academy excluded all players, and though Moliere was repeatedly urged by Boileau to give up his profession, and thus remove the only obstacle to his being aggregated to that body of learned men, who all desired to have him as an associate, he steadfastly refused, acting, as he said, on a point of honor. But his statue now stands conspicuous in the French Academy's collection, the inscription on which is the blended admission of his surpassing glory and the Academy's regret for the absence of its reflection upon them: nothing was wanting to his glory, he was wanting to ours: *Rien ne manquait à sa gloire: il manquait à la nôtre.* It was the poet B. I. Saurin who was author of the inscription, which was selected from many others presented at the same time (1778).

The present war between Prussia and France is a striking exemplification of the ups and downs of life. The French soldiers had gained the well-deserved reputation of being model soldiers; and now in this war, though we hear of them fighting well in this or that battle, or skirmish, yet the result of their fighting, or not fighting, is known to the world,—defeat and surrender—surrender of thousands upon thousands at a time.

Leaving treachery in high circles aside,—for it should not be charged without bringing forward good, positive proof, and that we cannot do at present—what could have brought generals to surrender such large forces unless it were want of confidence in their troops? We heard lately the openly expressed opinion of an eminent Frenchman, long resident in this county, but keeping up close communication with his native land both by correspondence and frequent visits, and his opinion was that the French have degenerated; and certainly the result of the contest would go to sustain his opinion.

When France was a thoroughly Catholic nation, she had her reverses; like Francis I, her king, she may at times seem to have lost all except "honor." But now, after all classes, the lower as well as the higher, have been worked upon by the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and imbued with indifference for religion, or excited to active hatred

against the Church, by admirers of the blasphemous Voltaire, who had the audacity to proclaim in a Christian country "*Ecrasez l'infame*," they go forth to battle with only the ghost of their former dash; they meet not even with glorious defeat, but they submit to inglorious surrender. They are demoralized. They have degenerated.

But is all lost for France? We do not believe it. The future is gloomy. A victorious foe occupies her territory and besieges her capital; she has no government; her schools are closed; her fields lie fallow. Anarchy and famine stare her in the face, even if she soon rid herself of her victorious enemy. We confess we cannot conjecture what will be the result, and we have heard no plausible conjecture from those who understand the position far better than we do.

The only hope we see for France is a return to her ancient traditions—we do not mean to the traditions of the Bourbon family, either of the older or younger branches, nor to those of Napoleon I; but to those traditions of loyalty, of justice, of what is right, which must form the basis of every solid government. Loyalty to God and to legitimate authority, justice to citizens and to neighboring states, respect of the civil rights of all citizens, whether they wear the blouse of the workman, the beaver of the tradesman, the soutane of the priest, or the cowl of the religious; and that is simply returning to the principles which Pius IX has so ably and nobly upheld, both by precept and example—by word and deed.

When such men as Victor Hugo and Gambetta cease to be the loudest trumpets in France; when such papers as *Le Siècle* cease to have the malign influence over the working class they have so long had, a return to the above traditions may then be said to be begun, and we may hope for a stable government, whether republican or monarchical in form, founded on right, and France may then get rid of the make-shift governments with which she has been cursed so long, and under which her sons have degenerated, from the first revolution to the present self-elected members of the government of defence, through the unhappy years of the time-serving governments of the last of the Bourbons, of Louis Philippe, of the short-lived republic, and of Napoleon III. With a stable government in which all classes can have confidence, with a return to her ancient faith, France may again be a first-class power. If she cannot attain that, if she has so far degenerated as to still allow herself to be ruled by men who proclaim "liberty of the press," and gag it, "religious liberty," and steal the property of the Church, then will she sink into a second or third rate nation, like some other countries of Europe that have enjoyed such "liberties" proclaimed by these blatant manufacturers of transient governments.

Our Right Rev. Bishop did us the honor of stopping with us, last week. During his stay he drove to the new farm, with which he expressed himself highly pleased.

We were much pleased to receive a visit from our friend, Father Walters, Pastor of Crawfordsville. He is on the charitable mission of collecting for the Orphan Asylum. We wish him success in his good work.

REV. FATHER CARRIER will deliver an interesting lecture on scientific subjects, Wednesday, 16th inst., for the special benefit of the classical and scientific students. The commercial students are also invited to attend.

VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX paid a visit to the College, last week, and was accompanied by several distinguished gentlemen, among whom we recognized our friend Judge Stanfield, of South Bend. Our reporter gives a full account of the visit.

HON. P. B. EWING, of Lancaster, Ohio, honored the sanctum of the SCHOLASTIC with a visit, this week.

REV. F. FLORENT, S. S. C., has just arrived from Wisconsin, and intends remaining with us for some time.

WE hail our friend "S." in the West, and wish him God-speed,—thanking him for his second instalment of his *Correspondance Scientifique*.

THE letters we have received from many of the old students encourage us exceedingly, and comfort us in our editorial troubles. Keep sending on!

REV. P. P. COONEY, S. S. C., Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, conducted the exercises of the spiritual retreat of the students on the 30th and 31st ult.

WE have not heard for some time from St. Laurent, although we had anticipated a regular correspondence from our good friends and vacation visitors, Father Calovin and Brother Aldric.

THE *Enterprise* has changed hands. Mr. Brower, the former efficient editor of the paper, resigns in favor of Mr. Montgomery, who brings along with him a high reputation as a journalist.

REV. FATHER LAWLER, of Logansport, made a short stay at the College, last week. We were so unfortunate as not to meet him, but made up for our loss by overtaking him in Laporte, and visiting with him the flourishing Academy of St. Rose, in that umbrageous city.

WE called into the large agricultural machine manufactory of the Messrs. Rumely, of Laporte. We had but a moment to stay, and were kindly welcomed by Mr. Rumely. The threshing machines and reapers of this establishment have taken the premium in all contests with others.

WE read in New Orleans papers that the college of Galveston, which was lately placed, by Right Rev. Bishop Dubuis, under the management of the members of Holy Cross, has opened with quite a large attendance of students. Brother Boniface, assisted by four efficient Brothers sent from Notre Dame, has been named director of the college.

OUR subscribers—all of whom, no doubt, like our College paper—would confer a favor upon us, and upon their neighbors, by inducing some of the latter to subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC. The subscription is so trifling that we should have at least a thousand more. We give twenty-five numbers of the SCHOLASTIC during the year.

ONE of our exchanges has been blessed, for a short time past, with a priggish editor who seems to have as great a horror for everything Catholic as the devil is said to have for holy water. For compliments received, the AVE MARIA, through the SCHOLASTIC, returns him the thanks due for all small favors that it had expected to receive from editors of his stamp.

THE first idea of the "*Fourberies de Scapin*," alias "Rogueries of Scapin," belongs to the Greek poet, Apollodore, who had forty-seven of his comedies played upon the stage of Athens, and was crowned seven times at the Olympic games. One of his plays, entitled "Epikazomenos," has been preserved in a translation of Terence, called "Phormion," and afterwards remodelled and placed by Molière upon the French stage under the name of "*Fourberies de Scapin*." The morale of this play might be held in a nut-shell. It was not written with a view to teach virtue or correct vice, nor to show the utter absurdity of certain customs against which the poet contends in many of his other comedies; its sole object is to show, in its best light, the ingenuity of a roguish fellow. The "Rogueries of Scapin" will at least not fail to amuse.

INDIAN CLUBS will soon be in fashion again.

THE bridge over the St. Joseph river is now finished.

WE have had several brilliant displays of the Northern Lights.

THE surrender of Bazaine has cast a gloom over all the friends of France.

THE "Bulletins" will be sent to the parents of the students during the course of next week.

THE certificates for Good Conduct and Improvement in Class will be delivered at an early date.

THE Minims have been defeated lately in a rash contest with a Junior base-ball club. They were not in earnest, and didn't take an interest in the game.

THE Juanita Base-Ball Club celebrated their late victory by partaking of a bountiful oyster lunch, to which they kindly invited their friends. So we hear.

MANY letters sent to students here are badly directed. The name of the person should be legibly written, and the directions should be *Notre Dame P. O., Indiana*.

THE Orchestral piece at the Offertory on All Saints' was handsomely performed.

THE Band did well, especially when playing the last piece before dinner.

THE *Targum* now reaches us regularly, and has kept its place in our regard by the ability of its articles and the good breeding manifested in the general tone of the paper.

A CHAMPION FLAG was promised to the winners of the last base-ball match game. The Juanitas lay their claim to its possession, and have hewed down the biggest hickory in Clay township to hoist their colors to the world.

THE Dancing Class of Prof. Ivers is attended by thirty-five Seniors and nearly as many Juniors. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that it would benefit as many more to attend the dancing lessons, were it only for the sake of exercise.

WE call the attention of our esteemed correspondents of the B. B. C., to the fact that all communications must be signed by a responsible name. We do not publish the name, unless authorized to do so, but we require it for our own satisfaction.

THE new church is progressing well. The walls are now ready for the window sills. Mrs. Barbara Diversy, of Chicago, contributed lately \$500 to the church fund. Donations are received occasionally, and recorded on the Tablets in the college hall.

THE Juniors are having a large shed added to their play-room which, owing to their increasing number, has become too small. New swings and gymnastic apparatus will be erected under its roof. The Seniors' gymnasium is undergoing repairs, and will soon be in splendid condition.

THE St. Cecilia Philomatheans will give their exhibition on the 9th inst., instead of the 22d, their patron's feast. The cause of this anticipation is the presence of Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, who is expected with Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, and Bishop Luers, of Fort Wayne.

A LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT, by the members of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic and St. Edward's Literary Associations, will be given on the 22d inst. It will consist of a Debate, several Essays and Declamations. The Vocal Class, Band, and Orchestra of the University will add to the interest of these literary exercises. The subject to be debated is the following: *Resolved*, "That the total abolition of the sale of liquor is justifiable."

IN the Presbyterian Synod of Northern Illinois, Rev. J. McCaren made several statements, or mis-statements, concerning the Catholic Church in the United States. We do not feel ourselves called upon to point out all the inaccuracies of his assertions. As to the "priesthood carrying New York in their pockets" we have doubts to the contrary, amounting in fact to a certainty that they do not; nor do we believe that he could substantiate another assertion he made, viz.: "that they (denominational schools) had received over \$3,000,000 within a few years from municipal gifts," if by "denominational schools" he meant Catholic schools, as the context would lead the reader to suppose, or if by "municipal gifts" he meant money given by the city government. Rev. Mr. McCaren, knowingly or unknowingly, has added some "naughts" to the few thousands which were doled out to Catholic charitable institutions, at the same time that Protestant charities received larger sums, and by a slight exchange of terms he has asserted that this money was given to "schools" instead of to hospitals and orphan-asylums. He further asserts that "in many cities and states supplemental funds had been legalized to support Romish schools." We would be much obliged to the Rev. Mr. McCaren if he would tell us which states and cities have been so liberal. Unhappily for us he does not give the names. Unhappily for himself he cannot give the names. But these small inaccuracies, fallen into, perhaps, in the heat of his discourse, we pass by for the present to *contradict* plumply and decidedly the following assertion made by him, as reported in the *Chicago Times* of the 24th ult. He asserted that "in Notre Dame College, only sixty out of four hundred and fifty pupils represented Catholic families." This is not true. We receive non-Catholics as well as Catholics, but the proportion of non-Catholics and Catholics has never been so much, nor near so much, in favor of non-Catholics. Some of our warmest friends are not members of the Catholic Church; and knowing the spirit of our College they have not such fears for their children as Rev. Mr. McCaren seems to have for Protestant children in general. He further states that "seven out of sixty of these Protestant pupils graduated as converts to the Romish (elegant diction!) faith." It has not so been stated.

But even supposing it had been so stated, and such had been the case that seven out of sixty became Catholics, what can Rev. Mr. McCaren reasonably say against it? Had not those seven as much right to embrace the Catholic faith as the other fifty-three to remain Protestants, or of no religion? We say of no religion, for the Rev. gentleman makes an assumption which he has no right to make, that is, that all those who are not Catholics are Protestants. This not the case, if by the term Protestant is meant a member of some denomination, such as the Presbyterian (not Presbyterianish), Methodist, Baptist, etc. The Rev. gentleman has no right to call the vast majority of our fellow-citizens Protestant in that sense. The only way the term could be applied to them would be to call them *doubly* Protestant, for they protest much more against the narrow half creeds of Protestant sects than they do against the Catholic Church. We have heard time and time again those "who belong to no Church," (and there are many intelligent men of our country, who, thanks to the divisions of Protestantism, make profession of belonging to no Church), say that if they would ever "join" a Church they would become Catholics.

A word to Rev. Mr. McCaren and to those who are troubled in mind as he seems to be. Have some Christian charity even for "benighted" Catholics. By your own assertions they are endeavoring to get out of the "benighted ignorance" which at times, when not off your guard, you attribute to them. Their priests no longer are trying to keep the laity in ignorance, as you so often state they used to do, for you say they are making every

effort to have good schools. It is hardly fair—you formerly blamed us for being ignorant and the priests for keeping us in ignorance, and now you blame us for having such good schools that not only Catholics, but even non-Catholics flock to our halls and school-rooms. You should bid us God speed in our endeavors, and if you do not want non-Catholics to attend our schools, do not blame us for having good schools, but establish good schools yourselves; and, having founded them, sustain them. Make them equal to ours, and then you may set your minds at ease: for if you have as good colleges and schools as we have, then there will be in no danger, of the children of Presbyterian parents, going to Catholic institutions. But in the name of charity, do not find fault with us for having better educational institutions than you have, but blame yourselves.

Notices of Books.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican. Compiled and translated from the best Authors. By Rev. Theodore Noethen. Second Revised Edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a book of some 600 pages, every page of which is of interest. The history of the Church of Christ, the narrative of her persecutions and triumphs, the sketches of the lives of those who shed lustre on the world by their virtues, their genius and their learning, as well as of those who brought infamy upon their names by their vices and crimes, the influence the Church has had in christianizing the old Pagans of Rome, and civilizing the hordes of invaders whose descendants now form the great nations of Europe and America—all these subjects are of absorbing interest, and are laid before the student in attractive style by the compiler of this excellent book.

CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC FOR 1871.

By an almost unpardonable oversight no notice has appeared in our columns of the Catholic Family Almanac, published by the Catholic Publication Society, New York. Besides the usual information given by all almanacs, there is much in it of moment to Catholics, which cannot be found in any other book of the kind. The illustrations are very good, and the amount of good reading is considerable. It is needless to add that every Catholic family should have this almanac.

BAPTISMORUM REGISTRUM. MATRIMONIUM REGISTRUM. ad mentem Patrum Concilii Provincialis Baltimorensis X. concinnatum.—Secunda et emendata Editio. Et ab Illmo. Revmo. Baltimorensi Metropolitano probatum: Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

These two Registers, one for Baptisms, the other for Marriages, are printed on excellent paper. The formula of each record of Baptism, or Marriage is printed in full, with blanks for the names of persons, etc. The Rev. clergy will find it to their advantage to have such complete registers.

The *Musical Independent* for November contains its usual amount of music, besides several interesting articles, among which we notice the conclusion of a paper on "Choral Organizations," "A Musical Tour in North Germany," a continuation of "Modulation School," and a general summary of musical news. Messrs. Lyon and Healy, publishers, Chicago, Ill. The subscription to the *Musical Independent* is \$2 per annum, or 25 cents for single copies.

JERROLD said one day he would make a pun upon anything his friends would put to him. A friend asked him whether he could pun upon the signs of the zodiac, to which he promptly replied, "By Gemini, I Cancer."

In Memoriam.

F. X. DERRICK.

With sincere regret we chronicle the death of one whose brilliant mind, joined with a noble spirit and amiable disposition, not only rendered him a universal favorite at Notre Dame during the five years which he spent here, but also inspired the hope that he would ere long be an able and efficient member of the community to which Notre Dame owes its existence.

Five years ago Mr. Derrick entered as a student at this University, but with the intention of attaching himself to the Congregation of Holy Cross. Accordingly, after one year spent in the College as a student, he entered the Novitiate of the Congregation, in the meantime continuing to pursue his studies, and discharging, at the same time, the duties of a teacher in branches already familiar to him. His whole-souled earnestness as a teacher, and his consequent disregard of himself, no doubt, aggravated the disease which resulted in his early death.

About one year ago Mr. Derrick showed signs of pulmonary consumption, yet for a long time he would not be persuaded that such was the case, and following rather the dictates of his zeal than of prudence, he continued to devote himself to study and teaching till compelled by physical weakness to give up.

Believing that a change of climate would be serviceable, he obtained leave of the Superiors at Notre Dame, and went to Cincinnati, where he remained till a few days before his death.

By the advice of his friends, and the concurrence of his Superiors, he was about to try another change of climate, and had started for Galveston, Texas, where a branch house of the Congregation has lately been established. He had proceeded as far as St. Louis; but on his way from the hotel to the boat which was to bear him to New Orleans, he was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs, which proved fatal, even before he could be borne back to his lodgings.

His death was not surprising to those who knew his enfeebled condition; but its manner and suddenness were not at all expected. Yet we have every reason to hope that, although sudden, it was not unprovided; for all who knew Mr. Derrick will remember him as an earnest and sincerely religious young man, preparing himself not only by assiduous study, but by the practice of virtue, and the cultivation of piety, for the highest state to which man may aspire—the sacred ministry. In another year he would have completed his theological studies had life and health been granted him; but the all-wise Arbiter of life was pleased to call him from this world, even before he had entered upon that field of labor, which he undoubtedly was qualified to cultivate with success and advantage.

May He whom he served while living, now bestow upon him the reward promised to the upright and faithful; and may we all, who were glad to number him among our friends, now remember him in prayer, knowing that nothing imperfect can enter heaven, and that few indeed pass from life free from all imperfection!

May he rest in peace!

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

October 21st.—John M. Gearin, John Zahm, Jas. Wilson, John Shannahan, John McGinnity, Thos. Dundon, P. O'Connell, Thos. Dillon, Omer Bell, F. Shephard.

October 28th.—B. McGinnis, N. Mitchell, Robert Finley, A. Riopelle, D. B. Hibbard, L. Batson, Thos. Murphy, M. Carr, P. Coakley, P. Finnegan.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

October 21st.—R. Staley, F. Joseph, P. McDon-

nell, A. Sharai, J. Wuest, F. McDonald, A. Ransom, H. Jones, M. Wiegand, J. Dunn, C. Sollitt.

October 28th.—J. Graham, J. Drake, E. Newton, L. Hayes, E. Gregg, W. Fletcher, P. Skelton, Jno. Nash, C. Hutchings, J. Antoine, S. Ashton.

M. A. J. B., Sec.

Honorable Mention.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

T. Johnson, R. McCarthy, J. Zahm, J. McHugh, E. B. Gambee, T. Ireland, M. Keely, J. Shannahan, J. C. Heine, J. Nash, T. O'Mahony.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

J. M. Gearin, J. A. Fox, N. Mitchell, B. McGinnis, T. Murphy, F. B. Shephard, J. Wilson, S. Dum, C. Peterson.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

O. Bell, P. Cockley, F. Dundon, R. Finley, J. A. Loranger, J. Murnane, T. Murphy, J. McGahan, P. O'Connell, J. Rourke, A. P. Rogers, C. Swenks, M. J. Spellacy, H. Ackoff, J. Antoine, S. Ashton, T. Foley, J. McGuire, M. Moriarty, C. Morgan, G. D. Chatterton, P. Finnegan, P. Federspiel, J. McFarland, E. Watts, J. Walsh, C. Wheeler, R. Lange, B. Luhn, L. McOsker, E. Shuster.

OPTIONAL COURSE.

M. Carr, T. Dillon, J. D. McCormack, J. McGlynn, D. Brown.

ENGLISH PREPARATORY COURSE.

W. Clarke, W. Crenshaw, C. M. Johnson, A. Riopelle, J. McGinnity, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, C. Hutchings, J. Ireland, D. McGinnis, C. Ortmyer, P. Reilly, E. Sheehan, E. Shea, J. Shanks, J. Taylor, P. Hurley, F. Langan, H. Bourdon, E. Gregg, W. Gross, J. Heinz, L. Hibben, E. Howland, C. Jevne, H. Jones, G. Lyons, P. McDonald, J. Quill, H. E. Potter, J. Ruddiman, A. Sharai, T. Selby, V. P. Temple, C. Viason, B. Vogt, M. Winegar, J. Wuest, W. S. Atkins, L. Batson, J. Hogan, J. C. Hundly, S. Miller, G. Miller, M. D. Snider, F. Arantz, J. Campbell, M. Cummings, J. Dunne, E. F. Davis, G. Greene, H. Zimmer, J. P. Hoffman, V. McKinnon, M. McCormack, J. McGinnis, E. Newton, C. Sollitt, M. Weldon, H. Waldhauser.

St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

The fourth regular session of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association was held Tuesday evening, October 4th.

At this meeting Messrs. M. Carr and R. Crenshaw were elected members of the Association.

The usual routine of business transacted, came the debate, viz.: *Resolved*, "That Woman Suffrage is justifiable." Affirmative: Messrs. Finley and Murphy. Negative: Messrs. Mulquinn and McLaughlin. The last-named gentleman being absent, Mr. D. B. Hibbard volunteered in his place. Mr. Carr spoke as a volunteer in favor of the affirmative, and did credit to himself and the side he espoused. Mr. Finley, in his closing remarks, spoke in a very able manner; nevertheless, stronger points were produced by the gentlemen on the negative, and the President rendered a decision accordingly.

The debate concluded, the *Two-Penny Gazette*, (for a notice of which, see SCHOLASTIC, No. 2), a highly interesting little publication, conducted by six members of the St. Aloysius' Society, was read, exhibiting considerable literary culture on the part of its gentlemanly editors.

The fifth regular session was held on the 11th ult. On this evening the following question was very ably discussed: *Resolved*, "That the separation of Ireland from England would be beneficial to the former." The affirmative was sustained by Messrs. Moriarty and Carr, and the negative by Messrs. Johnson and Hibbard. Messrs. McGinnity and Spellacy spoke as volunteers in favor of the affir-

mative. But the weight of argument devolved upon the four regular debaters—the arguments of volunteers, according to established custom, being over-ruled. The President gave a decision in favor of the affirmative.

A committee, for the purchase of books for the Association, consisting of Messrs. Johnson, Zahm, and Moriarty, reported the purchase of several, of which they gave the list.

The library is steadily increasing, notwithstanding the fact that several of the finest works, during last year, were unaccountably "lost." Nevertheless, with the exception of the College library, the Society possesses one of the largest and best-selected libraries in the College—and to this rich store of literature every member of the Association are allowed access. MARCUS, Cor. Sec.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The seventh regular meeting was held Saturday, October 22. At this meeting Philip Scott read a very fine essay, after which he was unanimously elected a member. Then C. Dodge read an essay on the "Seasons;" M. Mahony on "Life;" C. Ort-mayer on "Honesty." Then came the declamations, C. Berdell, delivered in splendid style, Whittier's "Angels of Buena Vista." I think his speaking was rather too aspirate in certain passages for an *angl.* Master McHugh gave us "Hohenlinden," with a whirlwind of gesture, reminding us a good deal, of the spread-eagle style. Master Roth, personated in a very fine manner the "Stump Orator." Peterson closed the exercises with "Spartacus to the Gladiators." He delivered it well wanting only a stronger voice and a little more grace in gesture. Rev. Father Lemonnier the director of the association was present, and expressed himself highly delighted at the progress which the members had made since his last visit.

The eight regular meeting was held Saturday 29, ult. at which meeting the parts of Molière's play, entitled "Fourberies de Scapia," were distributed.

D. EGAN, Cor. Sec.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the St. Edward's Literary Association, held on the evening of the 1st inst., the following resolutions, expressing the feelings of the Association upon the death of one of its oldest and most honored members, F. X. Derrick, S. S. C., were read and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Him who doeth all things well, to remove from our midst, just as he was emerging into manhood, F. X. Derrick, one of the first members of our Association; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while humbly submitting to the decree which snatched from our midst a dear friend and an honored member, we cannot refrain from giving expression to the feelings which this sad and sudden event hath caused.

Resolved, That in his death this Association has lost one who, by the suavity of his manners, and the prompt discharge of all his duties as a member of this Association, won the affection and esteem of his fellow-members; the University, one who when a student was justly looked upon as a model of diligence and regularity; and the Congregation of the Holy Cross, a scholastic who, had he been spared, would have become an ornament to the sanctuary.

Resolved, That though his death was sudden we have a well-grounded belief that it was not unprovided; yet we will remember "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his orphan brother and sister, and bid them put their trust in Him who promised to dry the tears and assuage the grief of the orphan.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and a copy be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased.

A. LEMONNIER, S.S.C., Pres't.

RUFUS MCCARTY, Sec'y.

Tribute of Respect to the Memory of Mr. F. X. Derrick, S. S. C.

At a special meeting of the Thespian Association, held Tuesday evening, November 1st., the President announced to the Society the recent death of Mr. FRANCIS X. DERRICK, a former Director of the Association.

A committee of five, composed of Messrs. Justin A. Fox, Thomas H. Dillon, James F. Willson, John M. Gearin, and Marcus J. Moriarty, appointed to draft appropriate resolutions, reported the following:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His divine wisdom, to call from our midst one of our most promising young members, FRANCIS X. DERRICK; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Thespian Association, of Notre Dame University, greatly regret the death of their late and beloved friend, teacher, and Director, FRANCIS X. DERRICK.

Resolved, That in the death of this good and faithful friend, the Society is called upon to deplore the loss of one of its original members; and whilst expressing the general and sincere grief of his associates, feel proud of the high reputation of the deceased for those rare and exalted qualities which constitute the character of the zealous Director, faithful friend, devoted Christian, and profound and accomplished scholar.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the members of his family, and to his many friends, who have, however, a well-founded belief that he is now enjoying in Heaven the rewards of the Just.

Resolved, That a copy of this tribute of respect be tendered to the family of the deceased, and be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, St. Louis Times, Catholic Telegraph, Chicago Times; and be entered on the minutes of the Thespian Association.

JUSTIN A. FOX,
THOMAS A. DILLON,
JAMES F. WILLSON,
JOHN M. GEARIN,
MARCUS J. MORIARTY, } Committee.

THE CYCLE OF EARTHQUAKES.—Severe earthquakes, almost if not quite simultaneous in their action, occurred last spring on several parts of this continent and the opposite sides of the world in Japan. At Oaxaca, in Mexico, the first concussion occurred at half-past eleven o'clock on the night of May 11, continuing on the following day, May 12, and at Japan at twenty minutes past three, on the morning of May 13. Allowing for differences of longitude and time, these earthquake shocks were at most but a few hours, apart, and in all probability identical in point of time. At Oaxaca, which is a substantially built town, two hundred years old, heavy convent and palace walls and towers were shaken into ruins, killing and maiming many unfortunate people. The known deaths were one hundred and three. The whole city was so badly shattered that an additional shock should have thrown it all down.

But little as yet known of the damage done in Japan, beyond the great terror of the people. Two hundred miles out of Yokohama, to the southeast, the captain of the Benefactress, observed a submarine volcano, in violent eruption, and the volcano on the Island of Nippon, in Japan, was in the same state. It will be remembered that on the 12th of May, an earthquake shock was felt in Perrysville, Alabama, Charleston, South Carolina, and Shreveport, Louisiana. There were shocks in Arkansas on the 11th of May, and in the French West India Island of Guadalupe on the 10th. But the simultaneous character of the violent convulsions of the 11th, 12th and 13th of May, in Mexico and Japan, on opposite sides of the globe, with nearly the whole of the earth's 8,000 miles of diameter between them, leads to the belief that the same mighty eternal throes produced them all, and shows what we regard the vast solid bulk of the earth is but a fragile crust when assailed by the tremendous energies beneath its surface.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Spring Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.	
Leave South Bend 11 31 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 4 10 a. m.
" " 2 33 p. m.	" " 4 10 a. m.
" " 9 05 p. m.	" " 1 50 p. m.
" " 12 37 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.
Accommodation 7 43 p. m.	Arrive at Elkhart 8 20 p. m.
Way Freight, 4 31 p. m.	

GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 1 36 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 4 20 p. m.
" " 3 06 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 4 20 a. m.	" " 7 30 a. m.
" " 4 31 p. m.	" " 8 10 p. m.
Accommodation 6 35 a. m.	" " 10 30 a. m.
Way Freight, 12 15 p. m.	

Making connection with all trains West and North.
For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.
Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.
CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Toledo.
C. P. LELAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.
Hiram Brown, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4 20 a. m., and 7 20 p. m.
Freight 4 05 p. m.
GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11 13 a. m., and 6 20 p. m.
Freight, 4 50 a. m.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students.
Situating near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, it is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

TERMS:

Matriculation Fee.....	\$ 5 00
Board, Bed and clothing, and Tuition (Latin and Greek).....	12 00
Washing and Mending of Linens; Doctor's Fees and Medicine, and attendance in sickness, per session of five months.....	1 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish, each.....	10 00
Instrumental Music.....	12 50
Use of piano.....	10 00
Use of Violin.....	2 00
Drawing.....	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus.....	5 00
Graduation Fee.....	16 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College are charged, extra.....	35 00

Payments to be made invariably in advance.
Class Books, Stationary, etc., at current prices.
The first Session begins on the first Tuesday of September, the second on the 1st of February.
For further particulars, address

Rev. W. CORBY, S. S. C., President.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, is situated on the St. Joseph River, eighty-six miles east of Chicago, via Michigan Southern Railroad, and two miles from the flourishing town of South Bend.

The site of St. Mary's is one to claim the admiration of every beholder. It would appear that nature had anticipated the use to which the grounds were to be applied, and had disposed her advantages to meet the requirements of such an establishment. Magnificent forest trees rising from the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the Mississippi Valley still stand in native grandeur; the music of bright waters and healthful breezes inspire activity and energy, while the quiet seclusion invites to reflection and study.

We are happy to inform our patrons that we have, at length been able to realize a long cherished desire of opening a school of Design, where choice models in busts, chrismes and oil painting in the different schools have been collected, and where full courses will be given by efficient teachers in all the various departments of Drawing and Painting.

For Catalogue, address
MOTHER M. ANGELA, Superior,
St. Mary's Academy,
Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

oct3-70

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The postage of the AVE MARIA is but five cents a quarter, or twenty cents a year, when paid in advance—either by remittance to the mailing office here, or paid at the subscriber's post office.

Literary Entertainment

To be Given by the St. Aloysius' Philodemic and St. Edward's Associations, November 22d.

PROGRAMME:

Opening March.....	N. D. U. C. Band
Essay.....	John M. Gearin
Essay.....	J. Evans
Declamation.....	J. C. Heine
Essay.....	John A. Zahm
Essay.....	J. McGann
Declamation.....	Marcus J. Moriarty
Music.....	N. D. U. Orchestra
DEBATE.—Resolved, "That the total abolition of the sale of liquor is justifiable."	
Affirmative.....	Michael Carr
	Thos. O'Mahony
Negative.....	J. E. Shannahan
	T. H. Johnson
Closing Remarks.....	
Closing March.....	N. D. U. C. Band

Base-Ball.

MATCH GAME BETWEEN "JUANITAS" AND "STAR OF THE EAST."

The long-expected match between the "Juanita" and "Star of the East" Base-ball Clubs, for the championship of Notre Dame, came off on the Star of the East's grounds October 23rd. The result of the game restores to the Juanitas the championship which they had held for nearly five years, until last Spring when they succumbed to the Star of the East Base-ball Club.

Although the day was unfavorable for an exhibition of fine ball playing—a strong wind acting as an obstacle to heavy batting and accurate throwing—yet we doubt if a finer exhibition of good ball playing has been witnessed at Notre Dame this long time past. The pitching of Mr. Flowers, Star of the East, sustained throughout the whole game, was very effective and regular. We observed some very swift "grounders" were picked up by the Third Baseman of the same Club; Mr. Sweeney, also batted very effectively throughout the game. Mr. Gambee held all balls thrown to him at First Base. Mr. Weld's catching behind the bat was very much admired by those present. Whenever a "foul ball" came within reach of him, it was a foregone conclusion that the striker was booked for "an out." Mr. Wilson's playing on Second Base, in our opinion, has never been surpassed, if equalled, at Notre Dame. We do not hesitate to say that to his playing, both at the bat and on Second Base, the victory of the Juanitas was in great measure attributable. He made his base the most important place in the nine. Messrs. Gearin, Shepherd, Spellacy, and Dillon also exhibited some very fine playing. We annex the score, showing the result of the game.

THE SCORE:

JUANITA.	O	R	STAR OF EAST.	O	R
Wilson, 2nd b.....	0	7	Clarke, s s.....	3	3
Gearin, c.....	4	4	Smith, 1 f.....	4	2
Dillon, 1st b.....	6	2	Bell, r f.....	4	2
Shepherd, s s.....	1	5	Flowers, p.....	4	2
Arrington, 3d b.....	2	5	Welds, c.....	5	2
Spellacy, p.....	2	4	Gambee, 1st b.....	1	4
Johnson, 1 f.....	3	2	Sweeney, 3d b.....	1	5
O'Rourke, c f.....	5	1	Gillen, 2d b.....	1	3
Fox, r f.....	4	4	Jamison, c f.....	4	2
Total:-----	27	34	Total:-----	27	25

STONEWALL.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
OCTOBER 31, 1870. }

The past three weeks have been so full of pleasing events that but little time has been left in which to record them; however, we feel very grateful for the graphic and complimentary notice of "St. Edward's Day at St. Mary's," from the pen of the courteous "M. B. B.," and also for the full report of the same festival, by the kind Editor of the SCHOLASTIC. We have nothing to add on the subject, except the fact that, apart from the social delight of such entertainments, they cultivate in

our young ladies that modest self-possession, combined with unaffected grace, refined taste, and love of the beautiful, which should ever adorn the true lady, making her fully appreciate the æsthetic in religion, nature and art.

In a previous SCHOLASTIC we find that the Juniors have anticipated the Seniors in announcing the fact that we have had a Ball!! at St. Mary's; yes, actually a *Bull*. We imagine to see some of our dear friends open wide their eyes with astonishment, and exclaim, "A Ball at St. Mary's Academy! Why, I thought they were awful pious at that institution." Now, let us say to our astonished friends, that a Ball at St. Mary's is very unlike such assemblies—"out in the world," as we express it: no loss of time or sleep; no outlay for finery; no rivalry in dress; no heartaches, heartburnings or inflated vanity; no fulsome flattery or peevish criticism; no imported styles from demoralized European courts; nothing of all these—usual accompaniments of a modern ball—enter into the simple entertainments of our pupils. An hour and a half for extra toilet; two shillings each to pay the musicians; a committee of arrangements to put the recreation room in suitable trim—and lo! the preparations are made. At half past seven P. M., all enter the ball-room, some, perhaps, attired as gipsies, Havre girls, Indian girls, old school and new school ladies, etc. Then commences the *fun*. The puzzled musician calls out, "first lady and gentleman forward," the "gentleman" is represented by a merry-faced girl who makes her partner a most profound bow, and they lead off in the figures of the stately quadrille or cotillion, the merry country dance or exhilarating Virginia reel. The costumed lassies amuse the rest by giving exaggerated personifications of their assumed characters, and the ball-room resounds with merry laughter. Even the grave prefects and dignified invited guests seem to enjoy the scene. At ten o'clock the ball is over. The pupils pass in silence to the study-hall, night prayers are recited; and with light hearts, all retire to rest. An hour's extra sleep, the next morning, removes all fatigue, and the duties of the day are resumed with renewed vigor and cheerfulness.

On the 19th of October we were honored by a visit from Commodore Kely of the United States Navy. This true Christian gentleman and valiant veteran warrior, when terribly wounded in the service of his country, during the late war, was nursed in Mound City Hospital, by the Sisters of Holy Cross; since then he has manifested for them a lively esteem and personal interest. Actuated by these kindly sentiments, he visited, during a brief absence from his post, the hospital at Cairo and other institutions of the Order of Holy Cross. He was, indeed, most welcome, for his edifying dispositions and heroic patience, during his protracted sufferings, won the highest esteem from all who ministered to him.

We call attention to two errors made by the printer in our letter published in SCHOLASTIC No. 2. Our friend Mr. S. S. Strong was named "*Strou*," *Silurian* was printed "*Silesian*." We hope your amiable typo will not lose patience over our chirography.

Yours,

STYLUS.

TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

For the Weeks Ending October 23d and 30th.

Misses G. Hurst, L. Duffield, R. Snood, R. and J. Leoni, R. Harrison, F. Lincoln, M. McIntyre, A. Emmonds, L. Clancy, J. Tucker, M. Prince. Misses M. Bucklin, J. Millis, N. Callahan, A. Lloyd, E. Price, J. Falvey, L. McFarland, I. Wilder, K. Powell, E. Greenleaf, S. Chassen, T. Bounell.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEP'T.

Graduating Class—Misses H. Niel, A. Sturgis, A. Radin, M. Kirwan, N. Moriarty, K. Young, A. Locke, B. O'Neill, N. Millard, Foote, A. Rhinehart. First Class—Misses M. Tuberty, M. Dillon, J. Hogue, M. Shirland, M. Kellogg, L. Marshall, A.

Clarke, K. Parks, B. Randall, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, A. Cornish, K. Robinson, M. Shanks.

Second Class—Misses K. Zell, M. Lassen, F. Butters, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, S. O'Brien, A. Casey, K. Haymond, K. Sixby, I. Frost, K. Brown, E. Finley, E. Ray, A. Shea.

Third Class—Misses R. Fox, E. Shea, A. Mast, L. Dooley, L. Duffield, M. Ward, S. Hoover, E. Dickerhoff, T. Finley, E. Hendricks, R. Snood, R. Spiers, J. and R. Leoni, M. Heth, R. Harrison, F. Lincoln.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Letourneau, R. Nelson, E. Wood, S. Ritchie, M. Ford, C. Woods, S. Spillard, M. Wicker, K. Boyd.

Second Preparatory—Misses R. Devoto, F. Murphy, Z. Ozbourae, M. McIntyre, J. Tucker, E. Boyland, M. Prince, A. Emmonds, L. and M. Weire, L. Chancey, L. Sutherland.

Third Preparatory—Misses M. Nash, E. Birney, A. Frazer, N. Duggan.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—C. Foote, K. Young, M. Kirwan, H. Shirland.

Second Class—Misses A. Borup, M. Kellogg, A. Carmody.

Second Division—Misses S. O'Brien, R. Harrison, A. Cornish, A. Clark.

Third Class—Misses M. Shanks, A. Reynolds, A. Rhinehart, M. Lassen, G. Hurst, A. Locke, B. O'Neill, M. Ward.

Second Division—Misses A. Sturgis I. Bound, Fourth Class—Misses K. Brown, M. Tuberty, J. Hogue.

Second Division—Miss K. Zell.

Fifth Class—Misses E. Greenleaf, M. Bucklin, M. Lange, J. Tucker.

Second Division—Misses M. Cochrane, L. Marshall.

Sixth Class—Misses N. Callahan, L. Hoyt, L. Dooley, L. McKinnon.

Eighth Class—Misses A. Lloyd, F. Rush, F. Lloyd, L. Wood.

Ninth Class—Misses A. Rose, M. Hildreth.

Harp—Miss M. Shirland.

Guitar—Miss M. Weire.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Misses A. Cornish, M. Kellogg, J. Kerney, R. Spiers, M. Ward, M. Prince, A. Woods, A. Robson, K. Robinson, K. Parks, B. Randall, S. Hoover, A. Rose.

FRENCH.

First Class—Misses M. Shirland, H. Niel, N. Millard, J. Forbes, L. Marshall, K. Young, R. Spiers.

Second Class—Misses A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, M. Quan, K. Parks, N. Gross, A. Clark.

Fourth Class—Misses L. Guden, A. Sturgis, J. Tucker, M. Kellogg.

GERMAN.

First Class—Miss S. O'Brien.

Second Class—Misses K. Powell, N. Millard, J. Hogue.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

For the Weeks Ending October 19th and 26th

Misses L. Tinsley, M. Roberts, L. Wood, F. Rush, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, M. Quan, J. Hunt, M. Nisley.

Misses A. Clark, L. Niel, A. Robson, S. Honeyman, A. Rose, G. Darling, F. Lloyd, A. Garrity, M. Hildreth, K. Lloyd.

HONORABLE MENTION—JR. DEP'T.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Kreutzer, A. Robson, M. Quan, J. Kearney.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Cummings, S. Honeyman, A. Garrity, F. Rush, L. Tinsley, M. Hoover.

Junior Preparatory—Misses E. Horgan, G. Darling, A. Byrne.

First Class—Misses F. Prince, A. Rose, M. Reynolds, A. Garrity, M. Hildreth, L. Wood.

Second Class—Misses M. Nisley, M. DeLong.